

THE STANFORD INTERIOR JOURNAL

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STANFORD, LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1911.

EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

McKECHNIE TURNS UP IN PORTLAND, OREGON

MESSAGE FROM HIS BROTHER
SAYS MISSING MAN IS THERE
WITH MIND IMPAIRED.

J. A. Hammond, of Moreland, was in Stanford, Monday and said that a message had been received by his daughter, Mrs. Robert L. McKechie, that her husband who disappeared three weeks ago from his home in Louisville had turned up at the home of his brother in Portland, Ore., and that his mind is impaired. The message came from Edward McKechie, a brother of the missing man, who has made his home in the west for some time.

This is the first information that the family of Mr. McKechie has had of his whereabouts since he disappeared. He was superintendent of agents for the Commonwealth Life Insurance Company, of Louisville, and was held in high esteem by the company. He put the service of the company. He was out working, and until nothing had been heard of him, though every means of ascertaining his whereabouts had been employed.

Mrs. McKechie, who is with her father, at Moreland, had been prostrated over the disappearance of her husband and is in a serious condition. She had intended to go to Louisville in order to assist in the investigations which were being made, but has been unable to do so. Grover McKechie and Mr. Hammond were in Louisville last week consulting a private detective whom they had employed to inquire into the case. Both Mr. Hammond and Grover McKechie were often heard that Robert McKechie had been found dead with, and were very much surprised when the telegram came from Portland announcing that the missing man had turned up there.

While any news to the effect that McKechie is alive was welcome, the information that his mind is impaired came as a great shock to his family. He had never shown any indication of being irrational and no cause can be assigned for the sudden impairment of his mentality. When last seen he was in good health and spirits and of perfectly sound mind.

AND WE'RE GOING TO DO IT, TOO.

There are quite a number of subscribers to the Interior Journal who are considerably behind with their subscriptions. We have sent out notices several times, but some of you have paid no attention to them. Many of those who do not seem inclined to pay, will be dropped from our list after the first of June and the accounts placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. We do not desire to drop anyone from our list, but the cost of paper, and other materials has advanced tremendously and we simply cannot afford to send the paper to those who will not pay for it. Please look at the date on the label of your paper and see if you are among the delinquents. And don't get mad if you don't get your paper, for we can't afford to give it away. Nuf Sed.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM SQUIRE McKECHNIE

New York, May 25
Dear Interior Journal:—
Just before starting out on the deep blue sea, I thought I would write you a few lines, as our friends through curiosity at least will likely want to know how far we have gotten on our journey to Scotland. We took in the city of New York yesterday and got to see President W. B. Taft, but did not know who he was until he was out of sight. Our attention was all by a policeman galloping his horse up 32nd street and yelling to clear the streets. I told my wife to go to clear the streets for the fire brigade, then came the autos with the party. I thought they were well dressed for firemen as they had on bee gun hats, and making inquiry found it was Mr. Taft and party, then it was too late to size the crowd up, as I don't want to detain the ship from starting. I will close for this time, will write from the other side of a narrows.
Yours,
JAS. McKECHNIE.

WASH THOSE PIMPLES OFF

Use D. D. D., that mild, soothing wash, that recognized remedy for Eczema and all skin troubles. First drops take away that awful burning itch, cleanse the skin—wash away every pimple—every impurity. Nothing like D. D. D. for the complexion. Get a 25 cent trial bottle today—worth ten times its cost to have a little in the house. At any rate, prop into our store to talk over the merits of this wonderful prescription. Shugart and Tanner, Stanford, Ky.

Brown-Cook

FORMER LINCOLNITE WEDS
BEAUTIFUL GIRL AT DAN-
VILLE.

Much interest is felt here in the wedding at Danville last Thursday afternoon, of Mr. Jesse F. Cook, of Lexington, but born and reared in this county and Miss Laetitia Brown, of Lexington, which took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Baughman, in Boyle. Mr. Cook as a great many relatives and friends in Lincoln who will extend heartiest congratulations while his bride is also well known and popular here and in this section of the state. The Lexington Leader had this note of the wedding: "The marriage of Miss Laetitia Brown to Mr. J. F. Cook, both of this city, was celebrated Thursday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Baughman in Danville."

The couple had planned to be married in June but while the bride was visiting in Danville it was decided to have the celebration earlier and in that city. It was a quiet home wedding with only a few relatives and friends present. Dr. Cecil V. Cooke of the Baptist church officiating.

The house was decorated beautifully with flowers and plants and the bride wore a gray tailored suit with pretty hat. Her bouquet was of pink roses. She is the older daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Brown of this city, is unusually handsome and lovely, and widely popular both in Fayette county, and Lexington also in Danville and other cities.

Mr. Cook is a native of Stanford Lincoln county, having come to Lexington about ten years ago and is connected in the stock business with Mr. A. S. Jewell. He is a man of splendid qualities and has numerous friends throughout the state. After the wedding the bride and groom are coming to Lexington and will be at the Phoenix Hotel for a few days before leaving for a trip to Canada and other points returning to be at home after August the first to their friends in Lexington.

The news is an interesting surprise and wishes for the perfect happiness of the bride and bridegroom.

Arm Mashed Off

FORMER LINCOLN MAN INJURED
IN LEXINGTON

News has been received by his friends and relatives in this county that Joe Chandler, formerly of Lincoln, sustained a severe injury at Lexington last week, when his right arm was mashed off in some machinery of the Lexington Roller Mills by which he was employed. Mr. Chandler is a cousin of Mr. John Chandler, of the Neale Creek section, and his many friends in this section, will regret exceedingly to learn of the accident.

MORELAND

The appearance of some of the stores have been very much improved by painting and other repairs. Messrs. Harvey Hopkins, Hen and Willie Pratt started last Wednesday morning on a fishing trip. Mr. James H. Pratt went as chaperone. Mr. W. B. Montgomery returned last Thursday from Chattanooga, having closed a good meeting. The young people of Moreland took a hay ride last Wednesday night. They went almost to Danville and then back by Junction City. Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Neal chaperoned the party. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Cox and family are visiting relatives here.

The Moreland Dramatic Club will soon have diamonds and hearts ready for presentation.

The ball game played here last Thursday between Moreland and Crab Orchard resulted 18 to 5 in favor of Moreland.

RAH FOR RODNEY

Through the watchfulness of County Attorney Keenon Mercer county is likely to get a good sum of money in the treasury. It will be remembered that at the last October term of Court, Mr. Keenon secured a judgment for \$1,500 against the Good Roads Machinery Company. The prosecution grew out of the purchase of a truck crusher by the county last year, and the indictment, was based on the anti-trust statute. The Machinery Company is a Pennsylvania corporation and paid no attention to the suit. Mr. Keenon had an eye to the windward, however, and found out that Spencer county owed the Machinery Company \$1,200 and in order to collect the Mercer county judgment he attached this money. Then the Machinery Company sat up, and took notice and showed fight. It filed a counter claim and asked that the \$1,500 judgment be set aside on the grounds that the company had received no notice of the first case in which the judgment was rendered, and that the summons was not served on an agent of the company. Judge Walker said that it was too late for the company to begin "hostilities," and decided in favor of Mercer county. It looks as if Mercer will be able to collect the judgment.

TRANSYLVANIA WONT LET HOPPER GO

INTERESTING DISCUSSION ON
YOUNG PREACHER BY PRES-
BYTERY SUNDAY

An adjourned meeting of the Transylvania Presbytery, which recently met at Richmond, was held here on Sunday afternoon, on the day of the installation of Rev. P. L. Bruce, the new pastor of the Presbyterian church for the purpose of acting upon the case of Rev. Will Hopper, formerly of Stanford, who has just graduated from the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Louisville and has been called to the pastorate of the congregation at Danville. While taking his theological course, Rev. Hopper has been supplying for the churches at Burnside and Piggish, small congregations, and the leading members of the Transylvania Presbytery, in which they are located, seemed to be anxious that he continue to fill those pastorates, and it is said expressed a willingness to pay him the difference in salary between what these smaller churches can afford to give and what the congregation at Danville offers.

The discussion of the case Sunday afternoon approached quite an interesting stage, and so strong a feeling said to have become, that when a dual vote was taken, many of the members attendance did not participate in the ballot. Mr. King a prominent member of the Danville congregation, came here in behalf of Mr. Hopper and the call he has received from the Henry county church, and made a vigorous argument in favor of his release by the Transylvania Presbytery. Dr. Planton, of Danville, and others opposed the transfer of the young divine to the Louisville Presbytery in which the Danville church is located. There was only one vote in favor of permitting Rev. Hopper to go to Danville, that of Rev. Carey Blain pastor of the Hustonville church.

Close friends of Rev. Hopper however are said to be in favor of his ignoring the action of the Presbytery and accepting the call to Danville.

The Transylvania Presbytery welcomed from its sister presbytery in Tennessee Rev. P. L. Bruce who comes as the local pastor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

As administrator of W. B. Land, deceased, I will on Saturday, June 3, 1911, sell in public entry to the highest and best bidder a lot of household and kitchen furniture, 15 to 20 barrels of corn in crib, a lot of baled hay, one spring wagon, one one-horse wagon, one new buggy, three horses, two cows, a lot of bacon, hams, etc., two sets of harness and other items too numerous to mention.

A sum of \$5 and under cash in hand, all sums over ten dollars purchaser will be required to execute a note with good security payable in bank for six months.

Sale will begin at 10 o'clock A. M. at the late home of W. B. Land on East Main street, Stanford, Ky.
W. L. McCARTY, Adm. W. B. Land.
Col. J. P. Chandler, Auctioneer.

NOTICE

All parties having claims against the estate of W. B. Land, deceased, are hereby directed to file same with the undersigned, properly proven as required by law on or before June 10, 1911, and all parties knowing themselves indebted to W. B. Land, or the firm of Land & Buchanan will settle same at once.

W. L. McCARTY, Administrator of W. B. Land, deceased. 42-2

MONEY TO LOAN.

On Lincoln county farms, in any amount over \$3,000 Rate of interest 5 1/2 per cent. Term, 5 years, with privilege to pay after one year. First mortgage. If you are in need of money will loan you up to 40 per cent of the value of your land. For further particulars write to G. B. Swinebroad, Attorney, Lancaster, Ky. 25-1f.

Sour Milk.

Milk is composed of solids and water. Coagulated milk, which is called curd in the country, is rich in curd. It contains carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and sulphur, a combination of animal chemicals of great value. Why is the watery part of milk. It contains a natural sugar. Many people throw sour milk away. Why ones utilize it. By draining off the water curd remains as a solid. Put a cupful of curd in a cheesecloth and twist the loose ends together and hang it where it will drain overnight. In the morning place it in a dish and flake it with a fork and salt. Give it to the children and tell them it is the same thing that Miss Muffet was eating when along came the spider.—New York World.

THE KINGDOM OF HEART'S CONTENT

PRESENTED AT CLOSING EXER-
CISES OF JUNCTION CITY HIGH
SCHOOL—PERSONAL NOTES.

Junction City, May 29.—The ceremonies incidental to the closing of the Graded and High school in this city were opened last Wednesday evening at the Hall by members of the high school entertaining the patrons, patronesses, friends and well wishers of the school. Delightful refreshment were served and the hall was too small to hold the crowd. On Thursday evening the play, "The Kingdom of Hearts Content" was presented by the high school members. This proved to be an admirable vehicle for the young actors and actresses, who acquitted themselves well. Several misadventures between the acts served to entertain the crowd. These were played by Miss Lula Bates and her brother, Edgar, of Danville; Zula Rogers and others of this place.

On Wednesday evening the hall was well filled with friends of the school, who despite the extreme heat had come out to hear the closing exercises. The invocation was said by Dr. C. V. Cook, of Danville, Rev. Brother, of Georgetown, having been unable to come. Miss Laura Kelly, the graduate, then read her essay, which was entitled "The Heritage of Tomorrow" handling the subject with a great deal of force and judgment. Miss Lucy Hankla gave a violin solo, accompanied on the piano by Miss Lula Bates, of Danville.

Dr. Cook followed this with a half-comical, half-serious talk on "Good Will." His talk was loudly applauded and was followed by Miss Lucille Hawkins on the violin. Following this Prof. H. A. Seom made the annual address to the graduates, which was followed by a violin solo by Frank McGraw. Then in a well timed and spoken address Prof. J. W. Bowling presented the diploma to Miss Kelley, this being followed by the benediction. The singing of Miss Willie Benton Logsdon of the songs "See, Love, I bring thee Flowers," and "A Memory" was a feature of the occasion.

Sterling Chase, son of Dr. H. S. Chase, of Somerset, was stricken with appendicitis while here taking in the commencement. His father was telegraphed for and upon his arrival took the young man to the St. Elizabeth hospital in Lebanon, where an operation will be performed in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crow, of Danville, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crow and Mr. Matt Crow, left Wednesday for Joplin, Mo.

Miss Shelby Mason, of Lancaster, is visiting Miss Willie Benton Logsdon. Misses Ruth Boyd, of Indianapolis, and Margaret Overstreet and Lottie Westerfield, of Parksville, were guests of Mrs. H. G. Wilson during Commencement.

The remains of Mrs. Willie Hanner, who died Wednesday, were buried in the local cemetery Thursday afternoon. She is survived by Ed, Porter, Oscar, Jim Hanner and Mrs. Belle Blackety. She was 88 years of age.

Mrs. Margaret Brown left Monday for a visit of several weeks to her father, Mr. George Vermilion in Danville.

Miss Louella Tingle has finished her school at the Ball in Rolling Fork and is now with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Tingle.

Mrs. Mary Jenkins, aged 83, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Rounton Friday evening, as a result of a fall in which she sustained a broken arm. She was the widow of the late Clinton Jenkins, of Hustonville, and is survived by one daughter, Mrs. J. P. Rounton. Her remains were taken to Hustonville Saturday afternoon, where they were buried in the cemetery at that place Sunday in the presence of a large crowd of friends and loved ones.

Miss Pearl Eymis, of Harrodsburg, is the guest of Mrs. Kendrick Kelly. Mrs. W. A. Reynolds has returned from a visit to Mrs. H. S. Chase in Somerset.

Miss Agnes Green is visiting in Danville, being the guest of Miss Marshall Palmer. Mr. E. T. Burke is having the summer shop occupied by Johnnie West painted.

Miss Lucella Brown, of Parksville, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. H. Hankla, has returned to her home. Mrs. William Cuskey, of Corbin, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Mary Finners Wells.

Mrs. William Trooper and notes, Miss Anna Oiler left for Corbin Monday, where the latter will be with her

NEW PRESBYTERIAN PASTOR WELCOMED

IMPRESSIVE INSTALLATION CER-
EMONIES ARE HELD HERE
SUNDAY

Impressive installation ceremonies were held at the Presbyterian church Sunday when Rev. P. L. Bruce was formally received and welcomed as pastor of the local congregation. Leading members of the denomination from many counties in this section of the state were present to take part in the services.

Moderator, Judge Denton, of Somerset, was present. Rev. Bruce preached in the morning to a large congregation, and in the afternoon a session of the Transylvania Presbytery was held.

In the evening the sermon was delivered by Rev. Carey Blain, of Hustonville, his theme being "Prayer." Dr. Moffett propounded the questions to the congregation and delivered the charge to the new pastor, while Judge Denton delivered the charge to the congregation. Rev. Bruce was formally welcomed to Stanford by Rev. J. J. Dickey, of the Methodist church and Rev. D. M. Walker of the Christian church.

LANCASTER

The County Sunday School convention was held Saturday at the Methodist church.

James A. Dudderar bought a horse from Mr. Gastineau for \$200.

Miss Florence Darnell, of Maysville, has accepted a position as trained nurse in the Lancaster hospital. Miss Darnell has frequently visited Mrs. W. D. Walker and has a number of acquaintances in Lancaster.

Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson, widow of the late Judge James Patterson, died at the advanced age of 88 years at her home near this place of general decline. The deceased had been an invalid for about 30 years and was a devoted and faithful Christian, having been a consistent member of the Christian church the greater part of her life. The following children survive and have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement Miss Margaret Patterson and Mrs. George E. Brown, of this place, Mrs. Hele Mershon, of Texas, James Patterson, of Arizona and M. Patterson, of California.

Rev. George A. Joplin, of Louisville, was here Sunday and preached that evening at the Christian church, his subject being "The Fence at the Top of the Precipice."

Miss Harriett Fleetwood, one of the popular teachers of the Lancaster Graded school, has resigned her position and left last week for her home in Rome, Georgia.

Mr. Reuben Stinnett, aged 93 years, died of infirmities incident to his advanced age at his home at Camp Nelson. The burial was at Mt. Olivet.

The National Troubadours, a home talent performance, was given at the opera house here Friday evening and drew a large and enthusiastic crowd. The entertainment was under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Christian church, but the management of it under the direction of Miss Louella Jolly, who has a fine reputation for getting up shows. By request the performance was repeated Monday evening.

The grocery store on Depot street will again change hands. The present owner, N. G. Lee has sold his goods to Joseph Turner and J. S. Carpenter, both of the vicinity of Bryansville.

A match game of base ball will be played this afternoon (Tuesday) between the Stanford and Lancaster nines. Sheriff C. A. Robinson, of Garrard bought 17 225-pound hogs from L. Montgomery, of the Bourne section at 5 1/2 cents a pound and 16 230-lb. porkers from Mr. Howling at the same price. Lawson and Brown bought 40 200-pound hogs from C. A. Robinson at \$5.60, 10 200-pound porkers from J. T. Holtzclaw at the same price and 10 175-pound hogs from David Anderson at 5 1/4 cents. Lawson and Brown bought 40 lambs from J. P. Weaver at 5 1/2 cents, a bunch of minks from Mrs. John Sanders at 5 1/2 cents, and a number of lambs from Dave Stevens at the same figure. Lawson and Brown shipped a car load of lambs to Cincinnati Wednesday and a car of hogs Saturday. H. H. Northcott shipped a car of poultry to New York and a car to Pittsburgh and a car of eggs to Winchester last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Ramsey, of Chattanooga, are guests of Garrard relatives, Miss Mary Held returns Wednesday from school at Midway. R. P. Gregory has been in Winchester visiting his sister, Mrs. H. Hall. Miss Estella Conn is in Louisville at the Deaconess.

(Continued in next column.)

One Man Hangs Jury

ELEVEN VOTE FOR CONVICTION
AND ONE FOR ACQUITTAL—
OTHER COURT NEWS

The criminal docket of the Lincoln Circuit Court was completed Monday and Judge Walker went into the hearing of equity cases.

After the J. J. report closed for Friday's paper, James Rogers, a white man, was given a fine of \$25 and costs and ten days in jail for carrying a deadly weapon concealed.

Charles Humber, who, with Dor Turpin, was indicted for holding up and robbing James Jones, a negro, or near the Traylor distillery, was tried before a jury, which was unable to agree on a verdict, the poll standing 11 for conviction and 1 for acquittal. Humber was defended by Attorneys J. M. McRoberts, of this city and Jas. I. Hamilton and R. H. Tomlinson, of Lancaster, while County Attorney J. E. Robinson, assisted in the prosecution. The case of Turpin on a similar charge was transferred to Garrard county. Humber was released on a bond of \$750.

Sam Owens Hocker, who shot Sole Crank to death in Macksville some time ago, withdrew his plea of not guilty, through his Attorney George D. Florence, and entered a plea of guilty of involuntary manslaughter. He was sentenced to serve 9 months in the county jail at hard labor.

Walter Anderson, a young negro, who killed another negro named A. Corn near McKinney, in a fight, was sentenced to the reform school until he is 21 years of age and then to be taken to the penitentiary to serve from one to six years.

Piano Tuners in Slam.

Piano tuners appear to have a good time in Slam. In the recently published Journal of Mme. Jottrand, the wife of a French official in Bangkok, she notes as a most important event "a visit from the gentleman who condescends to tune our piano. The arrival of this important personage, who has just landed from Singapore, is eagerly looked forward to, and so great is the demand for his services that he extorts 50 francs for tuning an instrument. After leaving here he proceeds to the Siam Malay States and from thence to Borneo, Sarawak, the Federated Malay States and then back to Singapore. Not a bad round for a piano tuner!"—London Chronicle.

Like a Man.

"Well, old Jenkins certainly bore his misfortune like a man," said his friend. "Ah! Courageous, and all that sort of thing, what?" said the man who did not know Jenkins. "Well, not so much that," said his friend. "As a matter of fact, he made rather a fuss about it. What I meant was that he blained it all on his wife."—London Globe.

hospital for a course as trained nurse. Mrs. Joe Pettus and children, of Springfield have been recent guests of Mrs. Elizabeth McFarley, Mrs. Ed. Price and N. B. Price were in Stanford the past week with Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Price. Mrs. Edna Rice, of Madison and son, of Mexico, were guests for several days of Mrs. Edna Francis. Mrs. R. L. Hubble was in Lexington for the commencement exercises at Hamilton College, her daughter, Miss Estelle Lee Hubble, being one of the graduates of a class of 33.

DANVILLE, KY, 123 N. Fourth

Notice! Poultry Raisers

R 4-11-44

CURES

Cholera, Gapes, Limberneck, Roup, Canker, Diarrhoea and all Diseases of Poultry

Miss Kate Bryant, Bardonia, Ky., says: "I have used Recipe 4-11-44 for years and think it the best poultry remedy made. It cures gapes and cholera without fail." Will Cramer, Bardonia, Ky., says: "One drop of Recipe 4-11-44 dropped down the throat of a young chicken kills the worm and relieves the chick instantly. It is the best preventive I have ever used."

Mfg. and Guaranteed by J. Robt. Cramer, Bardonia, Ky. Price 50c at all Druggists.

SOLD BY
PENNY'S DRUG STORE, STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

THE WARFIELD

Trained 2:24 Trotting. Dark Bay Stallion, 16 hands; foaled August 1901, bred at Village Farm, East Aurora, N. Y. First dam Naughty Girl by Rex American, 2:20.00, 4-year-old record 2:11 1/4, sire of Hittleton, 4:30, record 2:07 3/4, American Belle, 3:00, record 2:12 1/4 and 18 others in 2:30 flat; a son of Unward 1411, record 2:25 1/4, sire of Unward Silver 2:05 1/4 and 170 others in the 2:30 flat. Unward was sired by George Wilkes 514.

Second dam Duenna, sired by Mambrino King 1275, sire of 75 including Lady of the Manor 2:04 1/4, Lord Derby 2:05 3/4, Hitt at law 2:05 3/4, others in 2:10.

3rd dam Dettie, by Natwood 609, the sire of 14 in the list.

4th dam, Topaz, by Strathmore, 408, sire 90 in the list.

5th dam, Millard, by Albion, 6th dam Ned by Edwin Forest. 7th dam Lady Turner by Mambrino Chief 11.

The Warfield was bred to only 15 mares. He has 12 foals all uphanded, plenty of style, size and substance and plenty of speed. The Warfield is a representative stallion in all the terra imples. To say that he has size, substance and speed only in part emphasizes the qualities combined in this son of Dure Devil. He has them and they are such symmetrical characters as to make him a stallion among mares. His head and neck, body, feet and legs are perfect and when seen in connection with his faultless gait and great beauty are especially impressive. You should see this horse before breeding. You will say you never looked at a better one.

The Warfield is the only stallion that has 7 dams in the great blood mare list. He has two Mambrino King crosses, two Mambrino Patchen, two Mambrino Chief, one Chinese one Unward, one George Wilkes, one Elvone, one Natwood, one Strathmore, more trotting crosses than any stallion alive.

The Warfield is by Dure Devil, 2455 record 2:09. He by Mambrino King 1275 he by Mambrino Patchen, 58 he by Mambrino Chief 11. Dam Mercedes, by Chinese 5348, by Elvone 125.

Dure Devil is a great winner. He won the championship at National Horse Show in 1938, class 2; first National Horse Show 1939, class 10; championship National Horse Show 1940, class 2; first National Horse Show 1940, class 3; first National Horse Show 1940 class 10; first Eastern Horse Show 1942, class 3; reserve Eastern Horse Show 1942, class 1; second Eastern Horse Show 1942, class 2; reserve Eastern Horse Show 1942, class 2; reserve Eastern Horse Show 1942, class 1; third Eastern Horse Show 1942, class 1. He sired the best bred 2:05 3/4, 2:09 1/4, 2:10 1/4, 2:11 1/4, 2:12 1/4, 2:13 1/4, 2:14 1/4, 2:15 1/4, 2:16 1/4, 2:17 1/4, 2:18 1/4, 2:19 1/4, 2:20 1/4, 2:21 1/4, 2:22 1/4, 2:23 1/4, 2:24 1/4, 2:25 1/4, 2:26 1/4, 2:27 1/4, 2:28 1/4, 2:29 1/4, 2:30 1/4, 2:31 1/4, 2:32 1/4, 2:33 1/4, 2:34 1/4, 2:35 1/4, 2:36 1/4, 2:37 1/4, 2:38 1/4, 2:39 1/4, 2:40 1/4, 2:41 1/4, 2:42 1/4, 2:43 1/4, 2:44 1/4, 2:45 1/4, 2:46 1/4, 2:47 1/4, 2:48 1/4, 2:49 1/4, 2:50 1/4, 2:51 1/4, 2:52 1/4, 2:53 1/4, 2:54 1/4, 2:55 1/4, 2:56 1/4, 2:57 1/4, 2:58 1/4, 2:59 1/4, 3:00 1/4, 3:01 1/4, 3:02 1/4, 3:03 1/4, 3:04 1/4, 3:05 1/4, 3:06 1/4, 3:07 1/4, 3:08 1/4, 3:09 1/4, 3:10 1/4, 3:11 1/4, 3:12 1/4, 3:13 1/4, 3:14 1/4, 3:15 1/4, 3:16 1/4, 3:17 1/4, 3:18 1/4, 3:19 1/4, 3:20 1/4, 3:21 1/4, 3:22 1/4, 3:23 1/4, 3:24 1/4, 3:25 1/4, 3:26 1/4, 3:27 1/4, 3:28 1/4, 3:29 1/4, 3:30 1/4, 3:31 1/4, 3:32 1/4, 3:33 1/4, 3:34 1/4, 3:35 1/4, 3:36 1/4, 3:37 1/4, 3:38 1/4, 3:39 1/4, 3:40 1/4, 3:41 1/4, 3:42 1/4, 3:43 1/4, 3:44 1/4, 3:45 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CARROLL PRESTON--4383 (A. S. H. R.)

Hay horse star and hind ankles white, 15.3 1-4, foaled 1906.
Sire, Preston 922 by Washington 34 by Cromwell 73 by Washington Den mark 64 Preston's dam was Belle by Roderick 104 by Mambrino LeGrand 99 by Highland Chief and the dam of Roderick was by a son of Peters' Hal-corn 3241.

1st Dam Baby Pence 7049. By Enoch Ard'n
2nd Dam Lady Pence. By Almont Forest 2863.
3rd Dam. By Garrard Chief.
CARROLL PRESTON is the finest individual and best performer in Central Kentucky and proved himself one of the most formidable ring horses out last season. He is one of the greatest racking horses seen in years and has a splendid trot with a world of speed and action. His colts are proving him a coming sire and are the kind that will sell high. Will stand at the low fee of \$25.00 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT at A. T. Nun-nelley's Stock Yards in Stanford.

Good pasture and care at prevailing rates. Lien retained on colt until service is paid. Best of care, but not responsible for accidents. Address,

W. O. WALKER, Stanford, Ky.

(Carroll Preston is nominated in The Saddle Horse Futurity Stake.)

Garrard Chief. 1835

Bay stallion 15-3 hands, foaled summer 1902, said by good judges to be one of the finest stallions living. He is a perfect image of his great sire Chester Dare 10. Mr. J. C. Graves who raised and showed Chester Dare 10 says it is almost impossible for two horses to be more alike than Gar-rard Chief 1835 and Chester Dare 10. Col. W. A. Barriger of Shelbyville, Ky., has judged this horse at the Texas State Fair several times says he is as fine a horse as he ever saw. Garrard Chief won the championship of the South West at Dallas in 1908, 1909, 1910 and during that time his colts won more than any other herd shown there in saddle classes. At Fort Worth Horse Show in March 1910 Garrard Chief won first in breeding class for saddle stallions and age over 15 good ones, he also won at same place first for five-gaited saddle stallion mare or gelding. He will make the season of 1911 four miles from Stanford on Hustonville pike at \$25 to insure living colt. Mares grazed \$2.50 per month. Care taken to prevent ac-cidents but not responsible should any occur.

J. H. MURPHY,
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

PURE BRED POULTRY.



S. C. White Leghorns—Diamond strain year 'round layers of large, white eggs \$1 per setting.
A. C. Alford Stanford, Ky.

Choice White Wyandotte cockerels. Eggs \$1.50 for 15. Mrs. J. N. Cash. Stanford.

THOROUGHbred S. C. R. L. REDS Eggs for sale \$1 for 15.
Imported Cock at Head of Yards.
D. M. WALKER, Stanford, Phone 130.

If you want hens that lay in winter, when eggs are high. Get the S. C. Buff Orpingtons. Eggs \$1 for 15. W. P. Kincaid, Phone 199, Stanford, 2t.

Indian Runner duck eggs for sale, \$1.00 for 15 any at 5 months old. Cook's famous perpetual layers. Mrs. R. M. Tate, H. D. No. 1 Hustonville.

S. C. Brown Leghorn eggs, 50 cents per setting. Mrs. J. M. Crete, R. F. D. No. 4, Stanford. Phone 380 O. Lan-caster, Ky.

Imported stock Buff Orpington eggs 75 cents for 15. Baby chicks \$2 per dozen. Mrs. W. J. Heltsclaw, Stan-ford, Ky., Route No. 1 Phone 53--3 1-2

S. A. MILL
Breeder of finest strain
Single Comb Rhode Island Red
Stock and eggs for sale in season. R. F. D. No. 3 Lancaster Ky.

Fine strain S. C. White Leghorns Heavy laying strain. Eggs \$1 for 15 Mrs. J. H. McKee, King's Mountain, Ky.

Barred Plymouth Rock eggs, 50c for 15. Robert B. Carter, Stanford, Ky., R. F. D. No. 2 24-2.

Those Fighting Game Chickens.
THE GREY GRISTS.
The Prettiest Fowls in the World
Eggs 15 for \$3.00
S. J. EMBRY, JR.

For Sale—Indian Runner Duck Eggs.
\$1 for setting of 12.
THE Indian Runner is known as the Leghorn of the duck family, for eggs Mrs. D. E. Proctor, Phone 193.

Barred Plymouth eggs for sale, \$1 for 15. Also Indian Runner duck eggs \$1 for 15. Mrs. Anderson Nunneley, McClure Route, Moreland, Ky.

BUFF ORPINGTON
Eggs for Sale 15 for \$1
C. C. WITHERS, R. F. D. No. 2.
Phone 143--1 1-2.
Stanford, Ky.

Pure Crescent S. C. White Leghorns.
Eggs for setting. Miss Lizzie Davison.
Phone 15.

Pure bred Black Minorcas
Eggs \$1 per setting
Mrs. W. H. Wearen, Stanford.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.
Buff Orpingtons. \$1 and \$2 per 15
Black Minorcas. \$1 for 15
Farm Range Silver Laced Wyandottes 50 cents for 15. Satisfactory hatch guaranteed.
Miss Anne H. Tribble. Danville, Ky.

PURE BRED POULTRY
Indian Runner Duck eggs \$1 for 12
Buff Orpington eggs \$1 15
English Salmon Faveralls \$5 for 15
MRS. S. J. EMBRY, JR.

S. C. Crescent strain white Leg-horn eggs 75 cents a setting during April. Usual price \$1.50. Also for sale a pen of Diamond strain White Leg-horns, headed by imported cock. Mrs. Lizzie Davison. Phone 15 Stanford, Ky.

Indian Runner Duck eggs from a great laying strain \$1 or setting of 12 \$3 for 45. All orders receive prompt attention. Wolford Lovell, R. F. D. No. 1 Stanford.

Barred Plymouth Rock eggs. For hatching of the finest breeding. Our chickens are large, big boned, and well barred. Eggs 15 for \$1, 160 for \$5. Mrs. S. K. Dudderar, R. R. No. 2 Lancaster Ky.

MR. PROPERTY OWNER--Stop!
Consider! Why not use the best possible when YOU pay the bill?

Hanna's Green Seal

Stands for everything that is best in paint.
The pigments used are properly proportioned and thoroughly compounded.

STUDY THE FORMULA AS SHOWN ON EACH PACKAGE

"HANNA'S GREEN SEAL PAINT is Made to Wear"

FOR SALE BY

L. L. SANDERS, CRAB ORCHARD KY
GEORGE B. PRUITT, MORELAND KY



ALLEY GREGOR---43401.

Record, 2:19 3-4.

Trotter--Chestnut Stallion About 16 Hands, 8 Years Old. Reg-istered, Volume 17.

Allerton 5128
Record 2:09 1-4.
Sire of 201; dams of 36, in-cluding Nancy Royce
2:06 1-4, Laconda (P) 2:02,
Gen. Forrest 2:08, etc.

Pearl McGregor
Record 2:23 3-4, and Alley
Gregor 2:19 3-4, and grand
dam of Trocar 2:17 1-4.

Ja. Hird 5080
Sire of 131; dams of 79.

Gussie Wilkes
Dam of 2.

Robert McGregor 647
Record 2:17 1-4.
Sire of 111, dams of 185

Maud R.
Dam of May Hird 2:21 1-4
Pearl McGregor 2:23 1-4.

George Wilkes 519, 2:22

Sire of 83; dams of 204.

Lady Frank

By Mambrino Str 585,

trotter brood mare.

Mambrino Roy 844

Sire of 15; dams of 43.

Nora Wilkes.

By George Wilkes 519.

Major Edsall 216.

Sire of 1; dam of 1.

Nancy Whitman untraced.

Seneca Chief 378.

Sire of 4; dam of 15.

Jenny.

By Champion Grinnels.

Dam of Jericho 236.

Grandam of 4.

ALLEY GREGOR is one of the best trotting stallions in Kentucky. He has a lot of style and finish and is a great acting horse. Don't wear any boots, just 9 ounce shoes. He ought to make a great sire. The oldest colts are coming two's and show great speed and action. Any one wishing to see one of them can do so on the Lexington track where they are now in training. This is a good chance for the people of Lincoln County to breed into the best families of the trotting blood. Look this horse's breed ing over and see how many they have in the list both sire and dam. This great trotting Stallion will make the season of 1911 at my stable in Lan-caster Kentucky.

\$15 to Insure Living Colt, Sound And All Right.

I am prepared to take care of mares on grass at 10 cents per day. Lien retained on colts for service fee. Money due when mare is traded or parted with care taken to prevent accident but not responsible should any occur.

W. B. BURTON.

Phone. 95

Lancaster, Ky

All Peavine, 4092.



Description and Breeding.—5-years-old; 15-3 hands high; a good colored chestnut with best of bone, conformation, style and action. Sired by Rex Peavine 1796; 1st dam by Peavine 25; 2d dam by Warren Harris Denmark; 3d dam by John Nossley, he by David Crockett.

NOTE.—In offering the services of this young stallion to the public, I do not hesitate to say he is without a doubt the best stallion in reach of the people of Lincoln county and adjoining counties both in individuality and blood. He has as much Peavine blood as is possible to get in one horse and that is the breeding that is in demand today. If you have any doubt about that, compare the prices I have sold them for with any other breed in the country.

TERMS: \$25 to insure a living colt.

R. S. SCUDDER, McKinney, Kentucky.

KING EAGLE, Jr.,

PEDIGREE.—Sired by S. T. Harris' King Eagle, Vol. 6 A. S. H. R., No. 2556, he by Royal King 2555, he by On Time, 745 he by Stonewall Jackson 72, Royal King's 1st dam Mollie Mountz 2584, he was the noted sire Cabell's Lexington, F. S. King Eagle's 1st dam Hip, 3579, she by Eagle Hird 1014, he by Old King Eagle 760, 2d dam Rod Lion, 3rd dam by Harris' Denmark, he by Miller Denmark 45; 4th dam by Jim Bell, Thoroughbred.

King Eagle, Jr.'s, 1st dam was Mol-lie Drennon, she by Old Drennon, 2d dam Copperbottom, and runs back to Davy Crockett.

NOTE.—King Eagle, Jr., is 6 years old dark bay with one white hind foot, also mane and tail, stands full 17 hands high, weight 1500 pounds and

well proportioned every way. A combined stallion with plenty of speed, style and action, his colts show that he is a splendid breeder. He will make the season of 1911 at my barn, one mile West of Waynesburg on Fish-ing Creek at \$10 to insure a living colt. Mares traded parted with or bred elsewhere without my consent forfeits the insurance, and the money becomes due at such transaction. Care taken to prevent accidents but not respon-sible should any occur.

Phone in residence, Waynesburg Farmers Exchange.

C. C. CALDWELL & SON,
H. F. D. No. 4 Waynesburg, Ky.

Notice.—The first person caught fishing in Barrow's or any pond on our place will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. S. J. Embry.

John

The well known Silo Anderson Jack will make the season of 1911 at the farm of D. M. Anderson on the French-croville and Stanford pike one mile from Preachersville and 6 from Stan-ford at \$8.50 to insure a colt until weaning time.

SILVER KING.
Also in same place, and a sister-in-law will stand the well-known and old horse Silver King. Best of care taken to prevent accidents but not responsible should any occur. John Rigby, R. F. D. No. 4, or
D. M. ANDERSON Stanford, 27-4p

Silver Wood

Silver Wood, son of Far Wood 1679; record 2:27 1-2, brother to Nor Wood 2:12 1-2, sire of Lady Constantine 2:12 1-2, Florist 2:12 1-2 and eight others. Far Wood 2:37 1-2 son of Nut Wood 2:06 3-4, Lock Heart 2:08 1-2, Adrie 1:21 1-4, and 185 others. Nut Wood 2:09, record 2:18 3-4, son of Belmont 64. Silver Wood's first dam Princess by Vattien 2:29 1-2, 1:30 1-2, he by Belmont 64, Vattien's dam Hambleton 19, Far Wood 1679, record 2:27 1-2, 1st dam Nora Wilkes, dam of No Wood 2:12 1-2, Nora Wood 2:19 1-2, Nora Wilkes by Gen Wilkes 519, 2:22 Nut Wood 2:09, record 2:18 3-4, 1st dam Win Russell, dam of Maud 8, 2:08 3-4.

SILVER WOOD is a black horse full 16 hands high, weight 1200 pounds foaled in 1905, possesses great natu-ral style and all round action, extreme finish, bone and substance. He has never been handled for speed but can go a 2:30 gait easy. Why should he not with his splendid pedigree, rich color and kind disposition make a great sire.

SILVER WOOD will make the season of 1911 at the barn of F. F. Fitzpatrick, 1 1-2 miles from Hubble on the Danville and Lancaster pike at ten dollars to insure a living colt up and all right.

W. L. SLOAN,

Hubble, Ky

Stonewall Jackson, Jr

Will make the season of 1911 at my barn at \$10 to insure a living colt until weaning time, sound and all right. A lien retained on all colts until season is paid.

BILLY BRECKINRIDGE.
Will stand at my barn at \$8 to insure a colt until weaning time. A lien held on all colts until paid for. All barren mares successfully bred with the impregnator. A. T. TRAYLOR & SON Pleasant Hill Breeding Farm, Stanford, Ky., R. F. D. No. 4.

Don Varrick

This magnificent bred young stallion will make the season of 1911 at my stable near Stanford, Ky., on the Shelby City pike at \$15 to insure a living colt. Don Varrick is 16-2 hands a beautiful chestnut, short back heavy bone in fact the highest type of the trotter and perfect disposition. He is by the great Onward Silver 2:05 1-4, that won the \$5,000 Transylvania in a seven heat race in 1902 and the same year won the \$10,000 Bonner Memorial and the M. and M. all in broken heats and add for \$21,000 and later for \$25,000. Don Varrick is bred exactly like Spanish Queen that won the \$5,000 Transylvania in 1905 making a record of 2:07 and was classed as one of the four, being one of the greatest money winners on the grand circuit in 1908.

Onward Silver is by Onward, one of the greatest and best sons of George Wilkes Onward's dam was the dam of Director, the sire of that great family of trotters and pacers. Don Varrick's 1st dam was by Wilkes Roy, by George Wilkes a full sister to The Way 2:15 1-4 and half sister to Madeline Patchen the dam of Hubber 2:10, Winchester 2:19 3-4, Hilly Wilton 2:20, and Miss H. 2:30 2nd dam Mary by Hogg's Grey Eagle the dam of The Way and Madeline Patchen.

Don Varrick's dam produced Dr. Conner, that placed a public half mile on the Lexington track at 16 months in 1:08 3-4 and sold to N. W. Hub-binger of New Thoven for \$1,000 she also produced Maggie Leo, that trotted a mile on the same tract at 16 months old in 1:11 and sold for \$500. Don Varrick, in fact, was and always on the trot, very rarely ever leaves his feet. In 6 weeks handling last fall he trotted a quarter on half mile track in 34 1-2. See him in 1:10 and the mile in 2:27 1-2 on the outside of track. Please note the rich inheri-tance of speed on both sides, not a missing link for generations. Bred to this fellow and you can't make the four things ever, brooder looks for size, disposition, speed and looks. See him before looking your horse. Season money due when mares are parted with or bred to another horse. Mares kept at 10 cents per day and all not taken, will not be responsible for accidents or escapes. Don Varrick is a 2:10 trotter if he had the proper handling.

CLIFTON and RUSSELL.
Clifton is a black jack with light points, 5-years-old last September, 15-1 1-2 hands high with a matchless head and ear, well set on a rangy neck has plenty bone and substance and as a breeder he is not surpassed.

RUSSELL.
Is a black jack with light points, 5-years-old last August, full 15 3-4 hands high with as much finish and action as a horse nmr as a breeder he is the equal of any jack. Both of these jacks will serve mares at \$10 to insure a living colt. Trading the mares forfeits the insurance. They will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur. Mares will be cared for after June 1st. at \$20 to insure a living colt.
P. P. WOODS,
J. H. WOODS

Beau Naboth 45006

By NABOTH 10116,

by Walsingham E. George Wilkes
Beau Naboth's dam, Nora Dughan by Norval 5335, by Black-over 127, 2d dam Lady J. by Metropolitan 1572 by Hamptonian 10; 3d dam by Supreme by Mambrino Starlight 942, by Danbas 411; 4th dam Mary With-ers by Oliver (thoroughbred); 5th dam by Whinger; 6th dam by Imp Truly, 7th dam by Thornton's Rattle.

Beau Naboth is a handsome bay, standing 15 1-2 hands of great style and action and perfect disposition. He has proven a breeder, and has over 100 foals, the Electioneer-Wilkes cross he second to none.

Beau Naboth will make the season of 1911 at A. T. Nunneley's stock yards at \$15 to insure a living colt. Money due when mare is traded or parted with or bred elsewhere.

J. M. PETTUS,

Stanford, Ky.

George Hur

The great draft stallion that has made his own rep, will make the season of 1911 at my place on the Souer-set pike at \$10 to insure a living colt. He is the sire of the Joe Chancellier horse that sold for \$750 and of three mares that sold for \$75 at J. H. Baughman's big sale last fall. Suff Sed. And Clarence Tate refused \$450 for a pair of 2-year-old fillies by him.

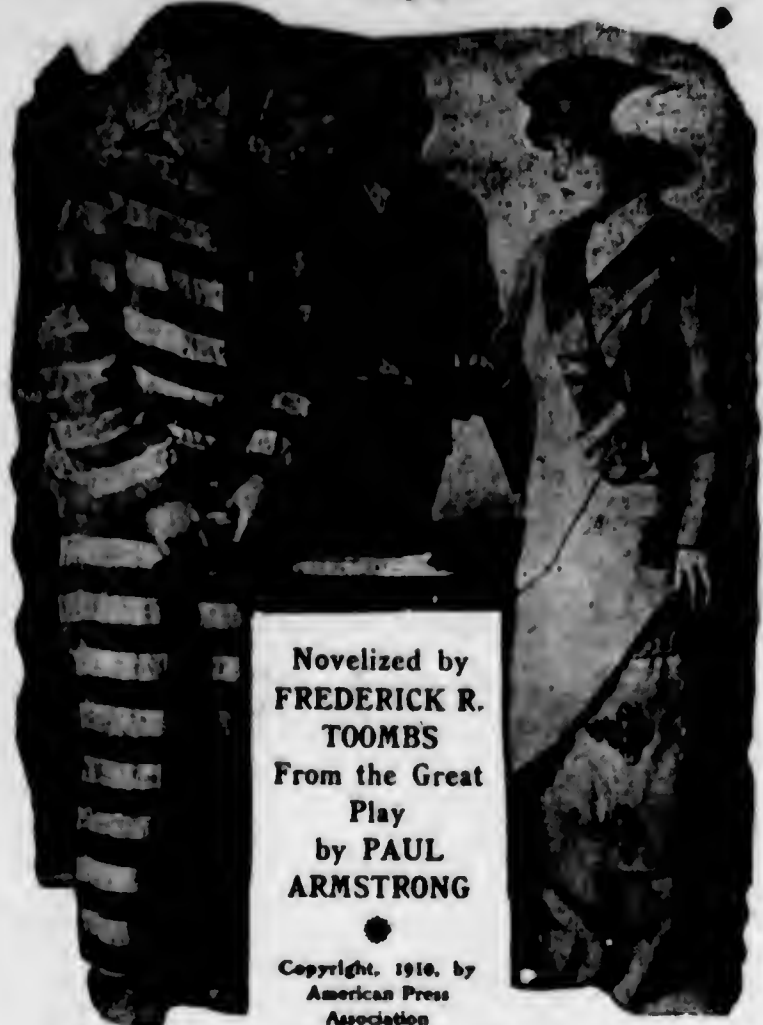
JESEE AND ENRIQUE
The great show pony Jesse and another fine Shetland stallion will make the season at my place. Every-body knows Jesse, the other pony the creek little horse, Enrique is de-scribed in the American Shetland Pony Club as follows: Certificate of regis-tration. This certificate that there has been registered in Volume 10 Club or standard number 10273 of the American Shetland Pony Club stud book, the Shetland pony stallion known as Enrique of Pennoken white and black head; white star and snip; under part of neck black extending to knees, large black spot under belly extending up flank and sides; lower half of tail black; small black spot on left side of back. Foaled May 29 1909 sire, The Major of Pennoken 9921 Dam Lady Gray 6949. Bred by L. C. Price.

M. S. BAUGHMAN,

Stanford, Ky.

If you really want a clean, sweet pure stomach, free from gas, sourness and distress go to Penny's Drug Store to day and get a 50-cent box of Milmann stomach tablets on the money back plan.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"



Novelized by
FREDERICK R. TOOMBS
From the Great
Play
by **PAUL ARMSTRONG**

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Association

VALENTINE, WARDEN HANDLER AND ROSE LANE.

CONTINUED FROM LAST TUESDAY

One bright winter afternoon, three years after the day Jimmy Valentine began to "go it straight," a young



LEE RANDALL, ASSISTANT CASHIER.

boy, attired in black velvet knickerbockers, turned the knob of the door of the private office of the assistant cashier of the Fourth National bank of Springfield, Ill. Barely eleven years old, Bobby Lane considered it the rarest treat of his life to be allowed a chance to invade this usually busy office and to play at being a banker.

The large office had two entrances, one leading into the hall of the large building and another leading into the tiled inclosure in which was being built a spacious new vault. In the middle of the room was a large mahogany desk. Near the hall door and close to the wall was a small mahogany writing table. Three or four comfortable chairs were scattered about the room.

On the glass of the hall door, glazed halfway to the top, was the inscription in trim black letters, "Lee Randall, Assistant Cashier."

And so it was with Lee Randall, alias Jimmy Valentine, that Bobby Lane, the banker's little son, was fond of romping away his (Bobby's) idle hours and with whom he frequently enacted the role of an austere, uncompromising banker.

Very much the same Jimmy Valentine in appearance and manner, Mr. Randall had scored a signal success as assistant cashier, and neither Mr. Lane nor any other official or director had found in the three years occasion for the slightest adverse criticism of the new employee. In fact, he was deemed to be a most valuable acquisition to the executive staff of the bank and had evidenced unusual capacity as a detector of counterfeit notes and of forged signatures on negotiable instruments. Yes, the assistant cashier was a man with a future of promise in store for him, and the Fourth National of Springfield had but a month before offered him the position of cashier, with a thousand dollars a year increase over his present salary. Not one official of the Fourth National could give a satisfactory reason for his refusal of the offer. "Very remarkable young man, very," was the comment of the president of the Fourth National when notified of the episode.

"Hurrah! Nobody in the office!" exclaimed Bobby to his sister Kitty, who followed him into the room.

"Come on; let us play something," challenged the sprightly Kitty, who, in her short skirted white linen dress and with her delicate features, much like those of her sister Rose, appeared more like a Christmas doll than a future inheritor of a fortune and of an imposing, dictatorial social position.

At Bobby's suggestion the children decided to play at "being a banker." After a lengthy, spirited dispute Bobby impersonated the role of Mr. Randall, while Kitty was forced to be content with the character of a "lady borrower."

Bobby perched himself on the assistant cashier's chair and assumed as stern an expression as his childish features and mischievous roving eyes would permit.

"Now, I understand you wish a loan," began Bobby.

"I don't, either," retorted Kitty, sitting herself on a chair in front of the desk.

"Oh, come on and play. When I say 'I understand you wish a loan,' you say 'Yes.'"

"But you won't give me any money," "If your security is good enough I will. Now," imperiously, "I understand you wish a loan."

"How much can I get?"

"No, no! You say a lot at first; that's business. Now, how much?"

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"That's fine," he paused, judiciously peering at his brows. "That's considerable money."

"That's the most I could think of," decisively.

"Don't talk that way," instructed Bobby. "You would be put out for making breaks like that. Just don't say anything when they find fault. Now, that's considerable money, but of course you have security?" He paused. "Well, say 'Yes.'"

"Yes."

"Well, I thought so—what?"

"What?"

"What have you got in the way of security?" he asked.

"A farm."

"How large a farm?"

"Ten million acres."

"Well, that's good. Now, what grows on this farm?"

She hesitated, then said: "Fruit—peaches and apples."

"That's good. What else?" he pronounced.

"Pears."

"Any bananas?" Kitty shook her head. "Very sorry," the lad went on, "but we have all the fruit you have in our own back yard. The only fruit farm I could loan money on would be a banana farm. No. No bananas, no loan. Good day."

"But you didn't tell me to say bananas," insisted the girl.

"Tell you? A banker don't tell you anything you ought to know."

After delivering himself of this piece of financial wisdom Bobby endeavored to continue, but Kitty insisted on being the man for awhile. While the argument was in progress the door leading from the vault inclosure opened and in came no less an individual than Jimmy Valentine. He had come from inspecting the new vault, now practically completed, and which he had pronounced as fine a piece of burglar proof construction as he had ever seen—and Jimmy Valentine in his day, as some of us know, had rightly been considered a connoisseur in this particular connection. To settle the dispute the assistant cashier took Kitty out with him to show her the vault, in the building of which she had shown a childlike interest.

No sooner had the door closed behind them when through the hall entrance came Rose Lane, who, gowned in the height of Paris fashion and of more mature development, presented even a more alluring picture of feminine loveliness than she had at the time three years before when, just out of Vassar, she had rescued Jimmy Valentine from the horrors of Sing

Sing prison.

"Hello, Bobby! Where's Kitty?" she greeted the boy.

"Outside," he pointed toward the door leading to the vault.

"Where is Mr. Randall?" she continued.

Bobby grinned knowingly.

"You're always asking for Mr. Randall, aren't you?" he asked saucily.

Into Rose Lane's face came suddenly a flare of anger at the lad, but in a moment it was gone. A smile, tender, hopeful and true, supplanted it.

And Bobby, with all the accrued wisdom of eleven years, saw the smile and smiled in return, for he was old enough to understand.

CHAPTER XI.

JIMMY VALENTINE entered his private office from the room where the new vault had been erected. He saw Rose Lane standing close to his desk, where Bobby was presiding with all the dignity that went with his age. The girl's eyes met his, but only for an instant. Valentine lowered his gaze to the floor, his thoughts whirling rapidly through his brain.

True, at one time he had had serious thought concerning the beautiful young woman who had saved him from Sing Sing, from Warden Handler and the warden's favorite pastime of "solitaire."

But of late he had come to realize that he would be doing her a lasting wrong, a vital injustice, to permit himself to make any serious advances toward her. She had been attracted by him. She was now even more interested in him. He was observing enough to learn this. As for his own emotions toward her? He loved her. That no one would deny who saw him in her company. He could not conceal it. Even the infantile Bobby had guessed what he had endeavored to make his secret. Yet he had realized plainly the uncertainty of his position. At any moment the unexpected might happen, or, rather, the expected might happen, and some one would possibly uncover and reveal phases of his past that he would be unable to explain. Such had been the guiding thought of Jimmy Valentine in his social intercourse with the banker's daughter during his tenure as assistant cashier in the bank in Springfield, and now he saw more clearly than ever the wisdom of his course. Doyle—Doyle, the relentless tracker of men—had threatened to "get" him, and Doyle was always an element to be reckoned with.

Although Doyle's threat had been made years before, Valentine had never underestimated the detective's ability nor his tenacity of purpose. While he, Valentine, had taken precautions which he firmly considered would prevent Doyle from getting a hold on him again, yet, after all, it was by no means definitely assured that he would not defeat the ex-convict in his ambition to live "on the square," therefore Valentine must under no circumstance make any serious advances to



VALENTINE SENT THE LAD AWAY.

ward Rose Lane. The burden of misery that might descend upon him would only be given greater weight.

Valentine desired to talk alone with Rose Lane, and after a lengthy conversation, punctuated by lavish promises of hunting trips, sent the lad away to play with Kitty in the new vault, which for their purpose became a smuggler's cave.

The assistant cashier stepped forward toward Rose, who stood close to his desk, resting her sable muff on its polished top.

"To what am I indebted for this pleasure?" he asked of her.

"Yourself," she smiled graciously on him as she spoke.

Valentine drew near to her.

"How?"

"Don't you suppose I like you as well as do the children?" she answered gaily.

"Do you?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, but why is it that you never do call on me any more?" she questioned reproachfully.

"Well—because—" he became very uncomfortable. She must never know the true reason for his avoidance of her.

"Do you think it's fair to use a woman's weapon against her? You know it's a woman's blight to say 'because' when she—"

"I meant—"

"What?"

"Oh—ah—what were we talking about?"

"As to why you don't call on me any more."

Valentine struggled to think of a successful mode of escape from answering the question.

"Well, now—don't you see," he stam-

mered. "Of course you do." He was becoming more involved every moment.

The girl's smile began to fade. Rather grimly she interrupted him. "No, I don't see at all," was her announcement. She moved away from the desk.

"Well, Miss Lane, I—"

The telephone bell rang at his desk. He bent forward and put the receiver to his ear. As he hung up the receiver a clerk entered.

"Will you have the cash now?" the employee asked.

"In a few minutes."

No sooner had the clerk made his exit when a messenger boy entered, bearing a telegram. Valentine tore it open, apologizing to Rose as he did so. The girl saw that the assistant cashier was very busy. She determined to leave him for the present.

As Valentine dismissed the boy she announced that if the press of business would not continue all day she would return. Valentine assured her that in a half hour he would be at her disposal and that he would sacrifice everything else in order to talk to her. She started toward the door, assuring him that she would return. As she opened the door she turned and cast a smile in the direction of the assistant cashier.

But Valentine did not notice it. He did not see it. His eyes were glued to the slip of yellow paper that he held in his hand. The girl saw that as he read the telegram an expression of tenseness, of unsubdued excitement, crept across his face. Wonderingly she softly closed the door. A few steps carried her before Valentine, who looked up in surprise, thinking she had gone.

"What is it—that telegram?" she gasped. "It's bad news for you—very bad," she went on. "I must know."

Valentine, undergoing a pronounced shock owing to the contents of the message which he held in his hand, was almost completely unstrung by the interruption of the girl he loved. Was it not fate that prompted her to appear before him at the very moment when—

"Oh, it is nothing," he said weakly. "Merely a little business tangle—that is all."

He stepped out from behind his desk, crumpling the fatal telegram in his hand, and gently led the girl to the door. "Remember," he said, "I have no engagement with you in a half hour."

"I will remember."

Unconvinced, mystified and thoroughly agitated by his nervous manner, Rose Lane went out of the office. Valentine, smiling as best he could under the circumstances, closed the door behind her. He crossed to her chair, sank into it and flattened the wrinkled telegram before him. Again he read it from end to end:

"Look out," he read. "Doyle will be in town this afternoon at 4 to see you about an important matter."

The assistant cashier dropped his chin into his palm and stared vacantly at the opposite wall.

"Doyle," he muttered. "George Doyle. He said he'd get me if it took ten years—a lifetime. Well, perhaps he can; then, again, perhaps he cannot. At any rate, he can probably ruin my career, my hopes, my standing here, where I have friends who believe in me."

Valentine leaned back meditatively in his chair. The fatal telegram dropped unheeded to the floor. His mouth set determinedly. A new fire blazed in his eyes, the fire that had consumed him and had spurred him on when in the days and nights of the past he had ventured forth on a desperate enterprise.

He would give George Doyle a race, that he would. He would match his wit against that of the skilled sleuth. He already had laid the basis for what now must be his course of procedure, and he believed that it would withstand even the cunning and force of George Doyle. At any rate, he could try.

Valentine leaned forward and pressed a button. A clerk entered. The assistant cashier hesitated a moment.

"Tell the watchman to come here," he directed.

The clerk nodded and went out in search of Red Flanagan—yes, Red, none other than the one time accomplice of Jimmy Valentine, whom the latter, true to his word, had taken with him in his attempt to "go it straight."

Flanagan must be told of the coming of Doyle, who was his sworn enemy also. In addition, Red would have to assist the assistant cashier, now known as Mr. Randall, in the maneuver which the latter was about to execute.

Then there was Avery—old Bill Avery. From the day that Valentine had sent him away from the hotel in Albany Avery had been making heroic efforts to live "on the square."

The three years that had elapsed since No. 1280 had advanced Avery, long a "yeggman" of the most desperate type, the price of a railroad ticket, had made a revolutionary transformation in him. Today he was married, had a growing business and had performed for Valentine a service that was to render the vengeance efforts of George Doyle much more difficult and somewhat less effective than the detective would relish should he ever learn the truth.

Avery had been in communication with Valentine on various occasions by a secret messenger. So carefully concealed, in fact, had been his moves that not even Red Flanagan had obtained the slightest knowledge of them.

True, Red was aware that Valentine had received various puzzling communications from one "Mr. Cronin,"

but how was Red to know that Mr. Cronin was Bill Avery unless the assistant cashier was pleased so to inform him, which he was not?

At first Valentine had had the belief that some friend was responsible for the sending of the warning telegram,



"I WILL REMEMBER."

but now that he more calmly considered the matter he dismissed that thought. Another idea fixed itself in his brain, which would cause him to govern his actions accordingly in the face of the danger that he wisely acknowledged to himself to be vitally alarming. At any cost he must prevent Doyle from turning Rose Lane and her father against him. They had trusted him—they alone—in the first instance, and so it would be wit against wit to defeat Doyle and, if need be, life against life.

The minutes passed. What could be the matter with the clerk or with Red? Had the watchman, too, received a warning? And if so had he followed the impulse that had first come to Jimmy Valentine, to see—the time honored resource of the crook, the time honored confession of the crook, right? No; Red would not desert Jimmy Valentine in an emergency like this for—

A voice was heard outside in the exit room: "All right, Kitty. I'll pay some more with you in a few minutes. Mr. Randall wants me." It was the voice of Red Flanagan addressed to the little girl, whom he daily gave "piggyback" rides, at the daily hazard of his situation.

The door swung open, and Red stood before the assistant cashier. But not even his old mother, if she had been alive, would have recognized him. Hair as red as ever it was, eyes as blue and smile equally as innocent as that which had misled half a dozen sternly inclined judges in the court of special sessions in years gone, yet the figure that appeared was, and at the same time it was not, that of Red Flanagan, whose photograph adorned not less than five rogues' galleries.

The uniform—that was it. The blue-gray coat and trousers, loosely fitted, and the peaked cap, bearing in gold letters "Watchman," were the actual causes of his transformation, so far as outward indications were concerned. As for the inward changes—those quite hidden from the human eye—well, there were but two persons who could describe how they had come about. Those two persons were Red Flanagan and Jimmy Valentine.

Red stood before the assistant cashier and doffed his imposing watchman's cap.

"Want me, Randall?" he asked.

"Yes," he looked away from Red, unwilling to break to him the news that Doyle was on their track.

CHAPTER XII.

GOING on Red enthusiastically, not appreciating the reason for Valentine's silence, "gee, but that Kitty is a great kid! Ain't it funny how a kid like that will get hold of a tough old tramp like me?"

"Nice child," commented Valentine. He picked up the telegram and handed it to Red.

"Red, read that," he said dully, as though discouraged.

The other read in silence.

"Doyle! Good heaven!" he exclaimed.

"Doyle," said Valentine. "It took him quite a while to uncover us, didn't it?"

"But he's finally done it—got your name and everything."

"Did you notice it wasn't signed?"

"Yes. Who do you suppose tipped you?"

"Doyle," was Valentine's amazing response.

"Doyle!" cried Red, starting back. The assistant cashier bent toward the watchman.

"Doyle sent that, Red. Don't you see he's not sure of me? But if I ran away from the bank when that telegram came—out of town for the afternoon—he'd know he had me."

"Never thought I'd have ducked," commented Red. "And now he'll turn me up too. I'm going." He lingered his hat nervously.

"You're not. He don't want you, and if you stay where you belong he won't see you."

Red nodded his head decisively.

"I'll stay closer to the bank than an emigrant to his tag. And you, Jimmy?"

Valentine smiled as the other lapsed off in his excitement into using his old name.

"Jimmy?" How natural that sounds, Red! he said reminiscently.

"Excuse me. I meant 'Mr. Randall,'" protestingly.

"No; it's all right, only don't by any chance use it before Doyle, because I'm going to alibi Doyle until he'll think he's lost his eyesight."

used at Valentine. "Say," he began, "I'm the only one here in the room except you, and I don't want to see any 'Mr. Cronin.' Don't know him. Who is he?"

"Mr. Cronin," responded Valentine, "is the man who is going to save you and me from going back to state prison."

Valentine went on to recount to Red how Bill Avery, after he had said goodby to his "pal" in Albany, had gone to the middle west and eventually married a sedate widow of middle age, whose non was an expert photographer, one who operated a large studio in St. Louis and employed men who specialized in covering important events for the newspapers and magazines.

"Avery!" ejaculated Red. "Avery working—absolutely on the square?"

"Yes, that's the truth, the awful truth," laughed Valentine whimsically.

"But you say Bill—Bill Avery is married?" asked Red, completely overcome at the suggestion.

"Yes, it's all true, and Bill has proved a true friend to me—to us," answered Valentine.

"And he's really happy?" went on Red doubtfully. "Him as always had a nable of filices spendin' his coin. He's happy with one wife?"

The assistant cashier gave vent to a burst of gaily at the astonishment of the watchman, who probably would have understood the process of reform in any one but Bill Avery.

But a few minutes elapsed after Valentine answered the telephone call before the door opened, and in came a man whose iron gray hair curled beneath the rim of his high silk hat. Glaringly bright yellow kid gloves adorned his hands. His frock coat, of the latest make, was a bit worn on the edges, and it was for that reason that the secondhand dealer had made a reduction in price to Mr. Cronin.

The newcomer laid a handsome gold headed Indian bamboo walking stick across a chair, took off his gloves and faced Valentine and Red.

"Mr. Randall?" he said.

"Yes, Mr. Cronin."

"Cronin he blowed," cried Red, starting forward. "It's Bill Avery. How about you, old pal?"

Avery, pleased at the enthusiastic welcome and at the sight of both of his old friends, shook hands with each. Then he drew back and looked from one to the other. "Think of us



"MR. CRONIN" FACED VALENTINE AND RED.

three been left alone together like this in a real bank," he said significantly, and his two hearers could not restrain laughter at the thought of what the circumstances would have meant to them in days now put behind them.

"Did you get the picture?" asked Avery of Valentine. "You told me to send it, but I wanted to see you. That double negative is a wonder."

Valentine looked understandingly at him. He rose from his chair, picked up the telegram from his desk and extended it to Avery.

"Yes; it's all right," he said. "And it came just in time. Today is the day I'll need it," pointing to the telegram. "Read that!"

Avery read the message. The pal of unswerving fear came upon him. His head dropped forward and he glanced apprehensively about him. His hand trembled as he laid the paper on the desk. He sank hopelessly into a chair. "Doyle," the old man choked—"Doyle! He said he'd slough me, and now he'll do it—or else he'll make me pay blackmail. You never can tell how much a copper wants for keepin' quiet."

"Oh, don't get blue," encouraged Valentine. "He doesn't want you fellows. It's me that he is after." He examined a large photograph which Avery had sent him. It showed the tables and guests at a large banquet in a luxuriously appointed restaurant.

"Yes, I think this saves me," he remarked. He held it before Red, asking, "What's this?"

"Flashlight of a banquet."

"Who is this on the right of the toastmaster?" pointing at a face in the picture.

"You."

"Pipe the date," went on the assistant cashier. "Feb. 9, 1906. Do you remember where I was on that date?" He gazed curiously at Red. Avery watched the proceeding with rare interest.

The watchman became thoughtful. At last a puzzled wrinkle marked his forehead. "Why—why—you were in Sing Sing—prison—on—that-date," he replied confusedly.

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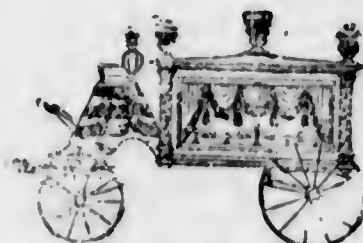


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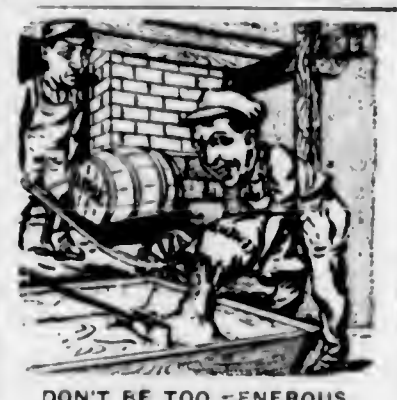
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